A Story Not Yet Finished

An unexpected turn
A tale of two love birds

Copyright © 2026
by The Batman
ISBN: N/A
Printed in Pakistan

Table of Contents

About the characters

Chapter 1: Before We Knew

Chapter 2: The Snap at 2 a.m.

Chapter 3: A Little Closer

Chapter 4: Before the Storm

Chapter 5: Fi Amanallah

Chapter 6: Are you, who I think you are?

Chapter 7: Against all odds, we hope

For the Cat-woman

by The Batman

For the one whose name I did not know would one day become the most familiar sound in the world to me.

I did not come looking for you. I was not ready for you. And yet, here you are — the most beautiful accident of my entire life.

I have loved you in your silence and in your laughter. In your strength and in your breaking. In the moments you let me in and in the ones you were not sure you could. Every version of you - I have loved them all, without condition, without limit, without end.

If I were given every chance to go back and choose differently, I would find my way to you every single time. Not because love is easy, but because you — you are worth every hard moment, every late night, every word left unsaid and every one that was.

You are my Cat-woman. And I — in every way that matters — am yours.

As a poet once painted what I could never quite capture in plain words —

"I have found the one whom my soul loves." — Song of Solomon 3:4

Chapter 1: *Before We Knew*

It was one of those winter nights that the world seems to forget — quiet, cold, and unhurried. The new year had just arrived, though it felt no different from the night before, carrying with it the same stillness, the same dark sky, the same indifferent cold that crept through the walls and settled into everything.

There I was, stretched across the couch, phone in hand, scrolling through an endless stream of nothing — reels that blurred into one another, moments that belonged to strangers, lives that had nothing to do with mine. The kind of scrolling you do not when you are entertained, but when you are simply existing, filling silence with light.

And then — softly, almost apologetically — a notification rang.

Not a sound that demands attention. More like a whisper. A small chime, the kind you would normally dismiss without a second thought. But something made me pause. Something made me look.

A follow request. On Snapchat.

I did not know it then — how could I — that what I was holding in my hand in that forgettable moment, on that forgettable night, was the beginning of everything. That this small app, this little bridge I had never thought much of, was about to close a distance I did not even know existed between me and someone I had not yet met.

Between me and Cat-woman……

At first, she was nothing more than a name — a cousin, distant enough to be a stranger. A request accepted the way you accept all the others, without thought, without curiosity. She sent a snap. I opened it. Forgot it. I sent one back. She opened it. Said nothing.

And so it went. Days passing in the rhythm of streaks — that meaningless little ritual of sending snaps not because you have something to say, but because the

number must not die. No intention behind it. No anticipation. Just two people keeping a streak alive the way you water a plant you do not particularly care about.

Until one day, something on her snap made me laugh — and without thinking, I typed back.

"Nigga."

Simple. Stupid. Unplanned.

But that was it. That was the crack in the wall.
Laughter has a way of doing that — breaking walls without asking permission. What started as a single stupid reply slowly became an exchange. Short texts. Replies on snaps. Nothing deep, nothing deliberate. Just two people occasionally acknowledging each other's existence across a screen.

Cold, at first. The kind of conversation that does not invite itself anywhere. I was not interested — not really. She was just there, and I was just responding. Whether she felt the same, I honestly could not tell you.

Weeks passed like that. Casual. Uncommitted. Nothing to write about.

Until the night the earth moved.

It was around 2 a.m. I was deep in sleep, the good kind, the kind that asks nothing of you — when a sound cracked through the silence. The windows trembling, rattling in their frames. Not broken. Just shaken. Enough to pull me out.

Earthquake.

I reached for my phone instinctively, still half asleep, scrolling for reports, for magnitude, for confirmation that what I felt was real.

And there it was.

A snap. From her. At that exact moment.

I have thought about this since — the odds of it. The earth had to shake, I had to wake, I had to reach for my phone at precisely that second for our story to take its next breath.

Destiny, it turns out, is not loud. Sometimes it just rattles your windows at 2 a.m.

Chapter 2: *The Snap at 2 a.m.*

I opened it.

I do not know what I expected — another streak snap, a dark ceiling, a half-lit room. Something meaningless, the way they all had been before. But what I found was different. No photo. No scenery. Just her — or rather, just what she was carrying that night — compressed into a few emoji's and a single word of pain.

Something shifted in me.

Not dramatically. Not the way they describe it in films, with swelling music and slow motion. It was quieter than that. Just a sudden, unexplainable pull — the kind that does not ask for your permission before it moves you.

Without thinking, without calculating, without any of the indifference I had worn so comfortably for weeks — I typed.

"What happened?"

Three words. Unremarkable on their own. But in that moment, at that hour, in the way they left my fingers before my mind could second guess them — they meant something neither of us said out loud.

She mattered. Somehow, without my knowing, without my choosing — she had started to matter.

And just like that, the cold was gone.

"Nothing."

The oldest lie in the world. The one people reach for when everything is too heavy to hand to someone else.

But I pushed. Gently, the way you nudge a door you are not sure you are allowed to open — but you nudge it anyway, because something on the other side is calling

to you. I asked again. And again. Not out of curiosity. Out of something I did not yet have a name for.

And slowly, she began to speak.

One message at a time, like carefully placing broken pieces on a table — she described her world. How people spoke to her. How she was made to feel small in rooms full of people who should have made her feel safe. How even within the walls of her own home, she felt invisible — unseen, unheard, passed over. Though her parents loved her deeply, something somewhere had still found a way to hollow her out.

I read each message slowly. Carefully. The way you handle something fragile.

And then I stopped.

One word. One single, quiet, devastating word sitting in the middle of a sentence as if it had no business being there.

"Attempted suicide."

I remember staring at it. Just — staring. The kind of stillness that is not peace but shock. As if my heart had simply forgotten its rhythm, caught off guard by the cold of that word, by the weight of what she had just placed in my hands without even realizing how heavy it was.

I had not chosen to care about her. It was not a decision I made.

It simply arrived — sudden and uninvited and completely beyond my control — the way the most real things always do.

They say men do not cry.

They say men are built from something harder than feeling — that they are meant to stand unmoved where others crumble, to face the storm without flinching, to hold the world together even when their own is quietly falling apart.

And I was that. I had always been that.

But in that moment, in the blue light of a screen at 2 a.m., with her words still open in front of me — something warm traced its way down my face before I could stop it. Not weakness. Never weakness. Just the kind of feeling that is too big for the body to hold quietly.

My heart was heavy. My mind would not stop asking the same question, over and over, as if the answer was hidden somewhere in the asking —

Why? Why does someone this pure carry this much pain?

I sat there, staring at her chat, lost somewhere between her words and my own silence — until her name lit up the screen again.

"What happened?"

She was asking me now.

And I — who had an answer for everything — had nothing. How do you tell someone you barely know that their pain just broke something open in you? How do you explain tears you were not supposed to have, for a person you were not supposed to care about yet?

A quiet fear settled in my chest. Soft, but real. The kind even the strongest of men know — when the person standing across from them, even through a screen, even through distance, even without knowing it —

is already their world.

What if she asked — why do you care? Who are you to feel this?

I had no answer that would not give everything away.

"Nothing."

The same lie she had told me. Now mine.

Perhaps that is how it works — the things we cannot say out loud, we quietly borrow from each other.

The night passed the way heavy nights do. Slowly. Without permission. And when the morning came, pale and cold through the winter window, the first thing that was there — before the day, before the noise, before anything else — was her. Still in my mind. Settled there as if she had always belonged.

I cannot explain it. I did not try to.

I simply picked up my phone and texted her. That day. And the next. And the one after that. No grand reason. No confession. Just — presence. The only thing I knew how to offer without giving myself away.

Days passed like that, quietly building something neither of us was naming. And when I felt we had found a small, comfortable ground between us, I asked her again. About the pain. About that word that had not left me since the night I first read it.

I consoled her the best I could. I tried to make her feel seen — truly seen — in the way it seemed no one around her had bothered to. I spoke to her as if my words alone could reach inside and fix what the world had broken. Foolish, maybe. But sincere — completely, entirely sincere.

She listened. Or so I thought.

Because a few days later, stubborn as only she could be, the same dark snaps appeared again. Same pain. Same weight. Same her, refusing to be rescued.

And me — whatever I was at that point, whatever word exists for a man who keeps showing up for someone who has not yet asked him to — I was there again. Consoling. Diverting. Trying.

Hopelessly, willingly, trying.

Chapter 3: *A Little Closer*

Time, when it is kind, moves quietly. And it was kind to us.

Days turned into a rhythm neither of us planned but both of us fell into — naturally, the way you fall into a comfortable chair without thinking about it. Texting became less of a choice and more of a necessity. The kind that sneaks up on you until one day you realize — this has become as natural as breathing. As necessary too.

It started with memes. The silly, stupid, wonderfully pointless kind. The ones that exist for no other reason than to make someone laugh. And laugh we did. They say a funny man always attracts a girl — perhaps that is true — but attraction was never what I was after. I did not want to impress her. I wanted to reach her. To get close enough that I could quietly pull her out of the dark place she had been living in, the one she had grown so used to that she had started to mistake it for home.

I had always had justice running through my veins — a student of law, a believer in fairness, someone who could not look away from wrong without wanting to correct it. But this — this was different. This did not come from principle or habit.

This came straight from my heart.

Because watching a soul that beautiful carry that much pain was something I simply could not bear.

And so I stayed. I showed up. Every day, a little closer than the day before.

Close enough, eventually, to tease her.

"Let's go to the mountains," I would say. "To the north. We will walk there, hand in hand, find a quiet spot, have coffee — your choice — and just talk. Overshare, even. Until our souls finally feel like they can breathe again."

Sometimes she would refuse. Shy, she was — in that quiet, endearing way that made the refusal feel less like a no and more like a not yet. And sometimes she

would go with it, laughing, playing along, letting herself get carried by the moment.

Those were my favorite moments.

Two people. Daily. Chirping like birds who had found the same branch. One teasing endlessly. The other tolerating it — willingly, happily, every single time — because beneath all the teasing and the laughter and the mountain plans that existed only in words, there was one simple truth holding all of it together.

All he ever wanted — all I ever wanted — was to see this girl smile.

And then, one morning, the branch broke.

I woke up at ten — peacefully, the way you only wake up when you have something good waiting for you. Eyes still half closed, hand already reaching for the phone, expecting a meme, a good morning, something small and warm that would ease me into the day the way only she could.

Instead —

"……be fixed a week before Eid so I can't talk."

I read it once. Then again. The way you reread something when your mind refuses to accept what your eyes have already seen.

Because sometimes the truth feels unreal — not because it is complicated, but simply because you do not want it to be true. And I did not want this to be true. Talking to her had stopped being something I looked forward to and had become something I simply expected — like morning itself. Like light.

I had breakfast in silence, the text sitting somewhere at the back of everything. I did not know what I felt. Upset, maybe. Shocked. Quietly angry at nothing in particular. Perhaps all three, layered on top of each other without a name.

I accepted it. What choice did I have?

And I started counting the days.

Some days later, life — in the way it sometimes does — decided to be generous.

I found myself at a relative's home, an overnight visit, unremarkable in every way. Woke up the next morning to an ordinary day.

Until it was not.

She was there. Not in the same house — but close. Neighboring. Cousins, as fate would have it, on yet another branch of the same family tree that had first brought us together. My heart did something complicated the moment I found out — happy, excited, shocked, all arriving at once without order or warning.

I texted her immediately.

"What you doing here?"

Her device was damaged — she was borrowing another. Her reply came quickly, surprised.

"How do you know?"

I played detective first. Told her I had been watching, that I always knew where she was, that she could not hide from me. Let her believe it for a moment — long enough to enjoy it — before finally telling her the truth.

I was here too.

That night, we texted until the world went quiet around us. Late into the dark, unhurried, unbothered by time. And when we finally said goodnight, I slept the way I had not in days — peacefully. Completely.

The next morning, she told me her device would be repaired when she returned home.

I felt something loosen in my chest.

We started texting again not long after. Same conversations, same rhythm — but different. Quietly, unmistakably different. Because that night at our relative's home, somewhere between the late texts and the reels we shared and the sentences that seemed to say more than they were supposed to — something had been said without being said.

Not friendship. Not comfort. Not care.

Something older than all of those.

The kind of thing you recognize before you have words for it. The kind that makes you look at someone — even through a screen, even across distance — and think, without quite meaning to —

There you are.

A soulmate.

Chapter 4 : *Before The Storm*

Love, they say, cannot be hidden.

Not through actions. Not through eyes. Not through the way your fingers hesitate before typing something you are not yet ready to admit. Not even through a screen, across distance, through the cold light of a phone at whatever hour it happened to be when she appeared.

It simply finds its way out. Always.

And it found its way out of us.

I am not sure when exactly it shifted — these things rarely announce themselves. One day it was care. Then it was comfort. Then it was something that made me smile before I had even read the full message, just from seeing her name appear on the screen. Nicknames followed — the small, silly, intimate kind that belong only to two people and make no sense to anyone else. Laughter became a daily language between us. Good mornings that meant more than good morning. Good nights that neither of us wanted to say first because saying it meant the day between us was ending.

Attachment, I told myself at first. Just attachment. Normal. Human. Nothing more.

But slowly — the way seasons change, gradually and then completely — it became something far beyond that. The chemistry between us was not something we built deliberately. It simply existed, the way certain things do, as if it had been waiting for us to find it. We were vibing in a way I had never quite vibed with anyone before — finishing each other's thoughts, sharing the same silences comfortably, laughing at the same things without explanation.

And somewhere in the middle of all of it, I realized — I had succeeded.

She felt seen. She felt heard. She felt loved in the way she had always deserved to be loved but had somehow been denied. The girl who had sent pain compressed into emoji's at 2 a.m. was now sending me laughter. Real, uninhibited, unbothered laughter.

That was everything I had wanted.

But life, as it tends to do, had not finished writing its part of the story yet.

What I did not know — what neither of us knew — was that this success was quietly leading somewhere neither of us had planned. A destination. A place I could see clearly when I closed my eyes — the two of us, together, sharing sorrows and laughter in equal measure, building something real out of something that had started as nothing more than a streak on Snapchat.

It was so beautiful. Honestly, truly, quietly beautiful.

Two or three days — that is all we had after the confessions. After we finally looked at what had been growing between us and gave it its name. Two or three days of that rare, golden kind of happiness that feels almost too good to be real.

And then life turned.

Something happened. Something that neither of us saw coming, something that shifted the ground beneath everything we had just found. Whether it was a test or a turn, a blessing in disguise or simply the weight of fate reminding us that nothing worth having ever arrives without its trials — we did not know.

We still do not.

***But Allah had His plan. He always does**.*

And His plans — even when they arrive wrapped in difficulty, even when they make no sense in the moment, even when they take from you the very thing you were just learning to hold — are always, without exception, the best.

Chapter 5: *Fi Amanallah*

It was another one of those nights.

The kind we had quietly made our own — late, unhurried, wrapped in the warmth of a world that existed only between two screens. We were smiling at our phones the way people smile when they forget anyone else is watching. Not at the screens, really. At each other. At what we had become to each other.

We were talking about the past that night. About how we had existed in each other's lives long before any of this — cousins who had exchanged nothing more than a hi and a hello, strangers sharing a family name. She sent childhood pictures. We laughed at the awkwardness of it all — the sweetly strange reality that the person now meaning everything to you was once just a face across a room you barely noticed.

And then, through my headphones — a ring.

I froze.

Her name. Calling. 12:17 a.m.

A mistake, I knew immediately. An accidental call. I did not pick up — sent a message instead, light and unbothered, the way you handle something small.

I did not know, in that moment, that small had just become everything.

The ring stopped.

And then — silence.

No reply to my message. No typing bubble. Nothing. Just the delivered notification sitting there, untouched, for twenty minutes before it turned to seen.

Still nothing.

Worried, I texted again. Asked if everything was alright. The message sat there, unanswered, in the quiet of the night until my eyes grew too heavy to keep open and sleep took me before she could reply.

The next day — silence.

I refreshed the chat. Once. Then again. Then more times than I would like to admit. Nothing. Her name sat at the top of my screen like a question with no answer.

The day after — the same.

A silence that did not feel like peace. The kind that presses against your chest and asks you questions you are not ready to answer.

Then — a Saturday night. I was sitting alone in my room, the kind of alone that feels heavier when you have recently known what it feels like not to be, when a follow request appeared.

Her name.

My heart jumped. I approved it before the thought had even finished forming.

A message came through.

"Hi _____, it's me _____"

I smiled. For one single, beautiful, fleeting second — I smiled.

Then I read the next message.

Her father had heard the call that night. The tune was loud — loud enough to reach him in the silence of the house at 12:17 a.m. He said nothing. He simply took the device.

And she was here now, on a borrowed account, to say what she had to say.

That she would not be able to talk anymore.

That I should not forget her.

And then — the word that has never quite left me since the moment I read it —

"Fi Amanallah."

In the protection of Allah. Go, now, in His care.

The words people say when they have no other words left.

My eyes burned. The kind of burning that starts somewhere behind everything and finds its way out before you can stop it. A tear fell — not poetically, not dramatically — just fell, the way things fall when they are too heavy to stay.

Separation is a small word. Four syllables. It sounds almost harmless.

But its roots go deep — all the way down to the place you have spent your whole life protecting without quite knowing you were protecting it. The heart. The love sitting quietly inside it.

I did not know if I was dreaming. I wanted to be dreaming.

But the tear on my phone screen told me I was not.

"Fi Amanallah," I typed back.

And after that —

I do not know.

I truly do not know what happened after that.

Chapter 6: *Are You Who I Think You Are*

Life went on. It always does, indifferent to whether you are ready for it or not.

I studied. I showed up to my days the way you show up when you have no other choice — present in body, somewhere else entirely in mind. Her words lived in my ears like a song you cannot unhear. Fi Amanallah. Fi Amanallah. Over and over, in the quiet moments, in the loud ones, in the spaces between everything.

Days passed. The pain did not.

But I began to understand the pain better. It was not simply her absence that hurt — absence I could have learned to carry. What truly broke me was the not knowing. How was she? Was she sleeping? Was she eating? Was she okay — not just physically, but in that deeper, quieter place I had spent months trying to reach?

And the guilt.

That was the heaviest part.

I had come into her life wanting to take her pain away — to pull it out by its roots and throw it somewhere it could never find her again. And somehow, in the end, I had handed her a new kind of pain entirely. The pain of being alone again. Unheard again. Unseen again.

The very thing I had fought so hard against.

She was alone now. But she had our memories with her — wherever she was, whatever she was feeling. I held onto that. Though some nights I was not sure whether those memories would bring her comfort or make everything heavier. I hoped. I simply hoped.

And then Ramadan came.

There is something about that month that holds you differently. The world slows. The noise quietens. Something ancient and merciful settles over everything and

reminds you that you are not as alone as you feel. It arrived that year like a gentle hand on a tired shoulder.

She became part of my prayers.

Every night, without fail — I would begin with her wellbeing and end with a hope so quiet and so sincere it felt almost too personal to even think out loud. That this month would heal us. That whatever had been separated would find its way back together. That Allah, in His infinite wisdom and mercy, would not let this be the end of something that had barely begun.

Half of Ramadan passed like that. Quietly. Patiently.

Until the 13th day.

An idea came to me — one I am not entirely proud of, and I ask Allah's forgiveness for it, but the worry had grown too large to sit with any longer. I needed to know she was alright. Just that. Nothing more.

I logged into my sister's account. Without her knowing. And I found her.

Her stories were there — a couple of them, recent, alive. And something in my chest loosened for the first time in weeks. Not completely. But enough.

Still — the love would not let me simply close the app and walk away.

I texted her.

She thought it was my sister. I said hi. She said hello. We exchanged a few careful, light messages — and then, without fully planning it, I typed the only thing I had actually come to say.

"Just wanted to know whether you are fine or not."

Silence on the other side.

I imagined her fingers stopping mid-air. Her eyes reading the words again. Something shifting in her.

And then —

"Are you who I think you are?"

Seven words.

Seven words and I felt the entire universe exhale.

Two galaxies — pulled apart by circumstance, by a loud ringtone at 12:17 a.m., by a father's silence and a borrowed device and weeks of distance — quietly, impossibly, finding each other again.

We talked a little that day. Not long. Not the way we used to. But it did not matter.

She was fine. She was there. And for now, that was everything.

Prayers asked with passion are never wasted — I believe that completely. We began texting again after that. Briefly, carefully — once or twice a day, a few minutes at a time. Small, by our old standards.

But I was happy.

Because knowing she was fine — even from a distance, even in small doses — was infinitely better than the silence that had come before it.

Sometimes, a little is everything.

Chapter 7: *Against All Odds, We Hope*

Things found their way back — slowly, carefully, the way broken things sometimes do when you give them enough time and enough prayer.

We were texting daily again. Not for hours, not the way we used to lose entire nights to each other — but enough. More than enough. Because we had tasted separation too early and too suddenly, and it had taught us something neither of us needed to be taught twice — that what we had was not ordinary, and ordinary things do not survive what we survived.

Love deepened by distance always does.

Life became colorful again. I would wake up, have breakfast, sit with my books, do what needed to be done — and then simply wait. Wait for her to come home. Wait for her name to appear on my screen. The way a day waits for the sun — not impatiently, not desperately, but with a quiet certainty that it will come.

I do not know where these words come from sometimes.

I think it is her. I think loving her made me a writer.

And then one day — the rooftop.

The same place. Our relatives' houses, side by side, the way they had been before. She was there in one, I was in the other. No face to face conversation. No words exchanged out loud.

Just a rooftop. And her.

Orange dress. Bright, glowing face. The kind of sight that stays with you long after you have looked away.

We saw each other. That was all.

It was enough.

We grew even closer after that. Sharing small details — the kind that seem insignificant to everyone else but mean everything between two people who have chosen each other. Acting strange sometimes. Getting emotional sometimes. Arguing sometimes, because jealousy exists even in the most beautiful of loves and pretending otherwise would be a lie.

But here is what I will always be most proud of — we never stayed broken after those arguments. Every single time, without fail, one of us would reach for the other. Sorry. I am sorry. Let us not do this.

That, to me, is love in its truest form. Not the happiness — anyone can love in happiness. It is the not giving up. It is the choosing each other again, even after the hardest moments, even when pride makes it difficult.

That is what we did. Every time.

Then came the video call.

Silent — we kept our chat open and typed while the call ran — but we were there, present, visible to each other for the first time in so long. Hours passed without either of us noticing. It was so beautiful I struggle to find the words for it even now.

What she did not know was what the day before had held.

The 9th of May. Something happened to me — my body, my health — and over the two days that followed, I lost nearly 500ml of blood. I told her nothing. She was happy. We were happy. And some things you carry alone so the people you love do not have to.

But life, as it has always done with us, was waiting.

On the 11th of May — one day after our video call, while I was still carrying the weight of those two days in my body — she disappeared. The whole day. Silence again, the heavy kind, pressing against everything.

I was in pain. Two kinds at once.

Then evening came. Her name appeared.

"Hi."

My heart lifted. Just for a moment.

And then — I will not write what came next. Not the details. Some things are too personal even for these pages. But those who have lived it will recognize it.

The same thing. Again.

Goodbye, again. Without knowing for how long.

Tears again — and I say this without shame, because I had lost half a liter of blood in two days and none of it hurt as much as this.

And her words —

"Don't forget me."

"I don't want you to be my heartbreak."

"Focus on yourself, please."

"I am scared."

"Fi Amanallah — until we are nikahfied."

"Love you."

The world shrank. Everything shrank. And I sat there asking myself the only question I had —

Why? Again. Why?

I do not have the answer. Maybe the answer is not mine to have yet. Maybe Allah is still writing this part, the way He wrote all the others — with a wisdom and a care far beyond anything I can see from where I am standing.

What I know is this:

I will focus. I will study. I will become the best version of myself — not for me, but for the day I can walk to her door with my head held high and ask for her hand the right way, the only way, the way she deserves.

I do not know how these days will pass. Or weeks. Or months. Or however long this is.

But I know she is out there. And she knows I am here.

And sometimes — against every odd, through every separation, through every Fi Amanallah and every tear and every goodbye that was never supposed to happen so soon —

We hope.

I hope.

For her. For us. For the day the story stops ending and simply begins.

Fi Amanallah, Cat-woman.

Until then.

Lastly……
There is so much more to write.

Pages I skipped. Moments I could not find the words for. Feelings that existed somewhere between sentences, in the pauses, in the things we said without saying them. Our story may feel short on paper — but paper was never big enough to hold what this actually is. Its roots go far deeper than any chapter could reach.

Some say love is a waste of time.

I disagree. Completely, wholeheartedly, without hesitation — I disagree.

Love is the only thing that makes you experience life at its absolute fullest. It makes you happy and it breaks you. It excites you and it stills you. It makes you cry at 2 a.m. and smile before your eyes are fully open in the morning. It makes you act like a child and forces you to grow up. It hands you every emotion you have ever felt and says — here, feel all of it, at once, with this one person.

That is not a waste.

That is everything.

May Allah make it easy for us. May He, in His infinite mercy, look at what we have and decide it deserves to survive — not just survive, but arrive. Properly. Peacefully. The right way.

I want to keep writing. There is still so much I want to say.

But her voice echoes —

"Focus on yourself, please."

And so I must put the pen down. Get up. Show up to my days. Study. Build. Become — not just for myself, but for the version of this story that has not been written yet. The one where I come to her door with everything I promised myself I would have. Morally sound. Financially stable. A man worthy of asking for her hand.

I hope we meet again.

I hope when we do, we are both smiling. I hope fate, having tested us enough, finally decides to let us be. Because what we have already tasted of separation — it was enough. More than enough. Perhaps even excessively bitter.

But that is the thing about love.

The sweetness always wins.

It always, always wins.

With Love,
Your Batman.